From the News and Courier.

PICKENS C. H., June 27.

It is not necessary that I should be at any pains to introduce the subject of this sketch to any well informed mau, woman or child in South Carolina, or perhaps in any State of the Union. That kind cilice has been pretty well discharged for me and for him, on many occasions within the past few years, by his man; friends and admirers of the United States Internal Revenue Service, and there is but and admirers of the United States Internal Revenue Service, and there is but little that I can now add, save in the way of truth, to what has been already said concerning "the great criminal," "the notorious desperado," "the bloated brigand of the Blue Ridge," "the infamous outlaw," "the red-handed rover"—Lewis R. Redmond! This is he that has turned two States upside down; set all law, human and Divine, at naught; defied the power of the best government the world over saw; chased its officers pell-mell, across a county; committed highway robbery; ambushed the faithful in the discharge of their duty; released criminals from jail; frightened women and children, and seke grown men into fits, and who, finally, if the truth were known, was doubtless at the bottom of the disturbances in the Bald, Mountains. Are not these things so, beside many others like not here said destructions. the disturbances in the Bald, Mountains. Are not these things so, beside many others like not here set down? The proof is not far to seek since his enemies declare it, and the law has confirmed it by setting a price on his young head, and in giving authority to his fellow-men "to bring his body into court—alive or dead!"

This last thing has been rather diffi-This last thing has been rather difficult, not to say impossible, of performance it seems, and has remained undone until accomplished by the News and Courier, in the person of its humble representative, by whom the redoubtable has been captured alive and who now produces the prisoner in court; that great court of public opinion where he shall be called upon to answer to the charges preferred against him! It happened in this wise, A week or ten days ago, I was commissioned by the News and Courier "to go and find Redmond," if possible, and to obtain from him a personal narrative of his eventual career.

A FRUITLESS OUEST.

The quest was not very satisfactory, as I learned that its object had left the country, and no man knew of his whereabouts, concerning which I was further informed that they were changed with every sun. At the end of the second day I was compelled to abandon the search and return to the village whence I had started, no whit wiser than when I left it. Through the kindness and superior knowledge of the gentleman who accompanied me, nower, I had been placed. knowledge of the gentleman who accompanied me, nowever, \(\bar{k} \) had been placed in communication with two of the outlaw's most trusted friends, and had left with them, to be forwarded to some unknown postoffice, a note addressed to him, in which I requested an interview at any time and place he might designate and under any restrictions he should choose to impose upon me. His verbal reply granting my request was received. choose to impose upon me. His verbal reply granting my request was received Monday, morning, and for instructions and guidance T was directed simply to accompany Mr. W. G. Fields, of Pickens C. H., whithersoever he might lead me. Reporting to this gertleman without delay, an understanding was quickly had, and our plan of proceeding agreed upon to be carried into effect the same night.

man's thoughts: 'I had not been very long in his presence accordingly before I noticed that he was observing my face intently.' Possessing in an eminent degree, as far as he was concerned at least, a man's thoughts, it heattard not to look him squarely in the eyes, and, turning my own lustrious orbs full upon him, he was enabled to gaze down into their the success of my endeavor, and I have since learned that our pains were not taken altogether in vain, as one or more interested and would-by-captors of the fugitive were on the qui vive to learn the way, we went and other information which hight lead to his capture. The 24th day of June seemed longer by several hours than the 21st, but it finally came to a close, and about dusk I valked quietly out of town alone into the adjaquiety out of town alone into the adjacent woods, and by a circuitous route reached the rendezvous appointed for the night: After a few hours of rest here we started for the mountains, which could be dimly seen by the light of dawn far off to the northward, and avoiding the town and more frequented ways by a detour of several miles drove rapidly until after noon.

(leaving our buggies behind as being of the particular use,) we rear joined by another guide and resumed on foot the journey that was to conduct us to the journey that was the was to conduct us that was were to follow a certain trail until halted by "the staid of the laid" (for so Redmond is called) at such a point as he might choose to await our coming. The trail seemed to lead directly upward to some veritable land of the sky, and at times jook a direct "cut" as it was in shat direction by "leading the sky, and at times jook a direct "cut" as it was in shat direction by "leading the use." as such paths are said to do when they disappear in the undergrowth, or at the foot of an inaccessible cliff. My companion, Mr. Fields and myself were soon exhausted with the unaccustomed labor of climbing, and paused to rest while our inblown guide pushed on all and to find Redmond and informs him of our gar presence. We were already nearly two hours behind the appoin ed time, and it was feared he might weary of waiting for us and leave the mountains.

Anderson

Intelligencer.

BY E. B. MURRAY & CO.

ANDERSON, S. C., THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1878.

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assured from the unvarying good report I had received from his friends of the true character of the man; but the experience was a novel one, to say the least. I was presently to be confronted by one whose name had been long associated in my hearing with all manner of treachery and erime, and at whose mercy I had now placed myself, with no other guarantee of safety than his good pleasure. I was of course unarried, (which fact had been assured by a careful search of my person at the foot of the mountain, to which ceremony I submitted as a matter of right and reasonable precaution,) and there I was at iast—face to face with "the dreaded outlaw." FACE TO FACE WITH BEDMOND.

The dreaded outlaw rose up to meet me with extended hand and a pleasant me with extended hand and a pleasant smile as I advanced, and after a cheery "Good morning" from him, and a similar salutation in return on my part, we were introduced in due form. Shaking my hand cordially, he invited me to a seat beside him, on the rock, with a smiling apolegy for the absence of better accommodations.

"This gentleman has come three hundred miles to see you Major" said Major and the smiles to see you Major and And Major and And Major and Major and Major and And Major and M

"Inis gentleman has come three hundred miles to see you Major," said Mr. Fields. "He represents the best newspaper in the State, and has come to give you an opportunity to say something in your own behalf in answer to the charges which have been made against you."

"I am very glad to see you," he replied, addressing me, "but I am afraid it was hardly worth the trouble for you to come so far to see me." ome so far to see me."

I do not remember what I-said in response to this modest speech so modestly delivered. My amazed attention was wholly taken up with the unexpected appearance of the youth whom I saw before me.

NEITHER HOOFS NOR HORNS. NEITHER HOOFS NOR HORNS.

I am not at liberty again to describe him, because of a promise made to his friends, before seeing him, that I would not do so. I can only say, therefore, that he looked to be indeed little more than a boy in years; (he has seen only twenty-three winters, and seems youthful for even that age.) He is of elender "build," and one of the handsomest men I ever saw. I can scarcely refrain from supporting this statement, by presenting my readers with a pen portrait at least of my readers with a pen portrait at least of his face and graceful, active form; but must forbear, lest I should thereby make myself the unwilling instrument of bettraying him into danger. I may say, however, that, at, my earnest request he permitted me to aketch his features beore our starting. The portrait was prowere present at our interview, and my judgment above expressed has been con-firmed by the few to whom I have shown

WAR OF THE BEST FELLOWS IN THE

ing eyes, and more than all his hones sun-browned face and pleasant smile which no man could wear and yet be which no man could wear and yet be a villain, inspired me at once with perfect confidence, and placed me so much at ease that I hazarded a yezy personal remark. I said: "You don't look like a very bad man, sir." "I don't believe I am one," he replied. "I have only been hally treated and accused of many badly treated, and accused of mar things which I never did." ("He is or of the very best fellows in the world," said the guide,) It is claimed for him that he can al-

A REFREAMING STREAM.

After a few minutes' rest we arose and Redmond showing the way, climbed around the mountain side until we came to a particularly steep piace down which we stumbled and fell and scrambled and slid after him, and got up and scrambled and stumbled and fell again and again, until we reached the bottom of a glen could be dimly seen by the light of dawn far off to the northward, and avoiding the town and more frequented ways by a detour of neveral miles drove rapidly until after noon.

A HARD BOAD TO TRAVEL.

The country through which we passed and the intillents of the journey furnished abundant material for an interesting letter, but I am not at liberty, under premise, to indicate our roote, and am therefore regretfully compelled to keep silence, to my readers' positive loss. The road-was all that a road, even a mountain road, ought not to be—but forbear again. At the end of it to stopped at a cottage in the hills, and after a kind reception and excellent dinner, (leaving our buggies behind as being of the purificial and a particular need, we reached the bottom of a glen where foot of man or beast hath never or ravely been, and where certainly deputies cease from troubling and even a moonshiner may be at rest. We halted on the brink of a falling feaming stream, whose waters, clear as air, revealed the rocky bottom at any depth, and cold almost as snow, presented us with drink sparkling as champagne and pure as heaven's own dew. Mixed with mountain dew, colored like a rose with the tonic juice of wild cherries, it constituted a draught which might have been likened to nectar flowing down from some editicit still run in the private interest of the gods up there on the blue wooded Olympus above. It was a singularly wild and beautiful spot, even for a mountain glen, and any element of romance in the private interest of the gods up there on the blue wooded of the private interest of the gods up there on the blue wooded of the gods up there on the blue wooded of the gods up there on the blue wooded of the gods up there on the blue wooded of the gods up there on the blue wooded of the gods up the gods and the first of the gods up the gods up the gods and the first of the gods up the gods and the first of the gods up the gods and the first of the gods up the gods and the first of the gods up the gods and the first of the gods wild and beautiful spot, even for a mountain glen, and any element of romance that might have been applied by the presence of the outlaw in our midst, whose somewhat picturesque garb was not out of keeping with the character of the scene. Amid such autroundings the hunted outlaw told his story while we sat and listened until the setting of the sun behind the mountain's creat and the approach of darkness admonished us to return to the outer world while as yet the devices not might be

about here, before the revenue laws were passed, and I worked it for him. We were very poor, and he could do very little. I worked on the farm all day, for at the still at night to make a living for us. I have often worked all day plough-ing and then run the still all night until ing and then run the still all night until breakfast. I would be so tired next day that I have gone to sleep in the corn-row between the plough-handles, and would wake up only when my horse stopped at the end of the furrow. This kind of life was too hard for me and soon broke me down, so that I got to working one night at the still and sleeping the next. I worked in the farm every day at the same time. They (the revenue officers) pressed me so close after a while that I quit distilling and went to hauling whiskey and selling it in North Carolina. They found out that I was doing this, and a warrant was issued for my arrest.

THE FIRST TROUBLE I had with the revenue officers was all on my side, as they captured and destroyed for me one hundred and twenty-three gallons of whiskey. I had paid one dollar per bushel for the corn that made it, besides eighteen dollars a month to the man who ran the still. The officers cut up and emptied three barrels of the whiskey, and kept two barrels for their own drinking. They kept these two barrels hid in the woods, and would come back and get it by the jug full whenever their supply gave out. Among those who got some of it were Clem Cism (Chisolm?) and a fellow named Hampden. Several people I we told me that they drank some of my whiskey that was captured at that time. Old mantold me, the other day, that when they came for the last of, it they arrested him (f) and took him off, and all the officers atopped on the side of the road and filled their jugs with the whiskey which, they told him, was Redmond's. They carried off twenty-three gallons at this load.

FATHER AND MOTHER KILLED. I had with the revenue officers was all or

FATHER AND MOTHER KILLED. The next morning, it was Sundây, the officers rushed into my house and presented their guns at my father and captured him. He was seventy-eight years of age, and my mother, who was confined to her bed with palsy, was nearly as old.— Tather begged them not to alarm her—she was badly frightened—and he would surrender. They asked for me, but I was at the spring when they came up and saw them, and so escaped. Father told them I was not far off, but I kepf out of the way, and they took him to the church near by. They captured several other men in the church, and the preacher stopped in the midst of his sermon and sat down. My father and several others gave bail—the rest they took away with them. My mother was badly frightened by it all, and died a few days afterwards. My father had to go to Asheville. The journey and exposure made him ill, and he, too, died a few weeks lator.

both of them died before I could get back to them. I was then keeping out of the way, as the revenue officers were watching for me every time I went to see either of them. I did not see my mother buried, but when my father died too, and my sisters were left alone in the house. I determined to go home and attend his funeral and see after them at any risk. On the road from the house to the grave, when we were following his body to burial, we met a revenue officer. He looked at me vary hard; but he was alone, and seeing that I had some of my friends with me, he passed on, and arrested several of the neighbors who had dug the grave and were resting on the roadside.

After the funeral I still kept out of the

After the funeral I still kept out of the After the funeral I still kept out of the way, and as my sisters were alone and helpless, I had to dodge in and out and try to take care of them as best I could. This was the beginning of my troubles."

The foregoing story was told as quietly as though none of the circumstances navrated were matters of any special wonder in a mountainous revenue district, and my two companions seemed to listen to it in like spirit as to a thrice told tale. I have no comments to make, and have rehave no comments to make, and have re-frained from even the feeble emphasis of italies. After an interval spent in conversation on different subjects, I led Redmond back to the matter in hand by asking what was his next "trouble." He replied that it was

THE KILLING OF DUCKWORTH,

and concerning this well known affair he gave the following account:

"When Deputy Marshal Lee was discharged from the revenue service he had in his possession a warrant against me, which he turned over the Frank Casa. This warrant Alfred Duckworth, who had been recently appelled on the control of the con and stumbled and fell again and again, until we reached the bottom of a glen where foot of man or beast hath never or travely been, and where certainly deputies cease from troubling and even, a moonshiner may be at rest. We halted on the brink of a falling foaming stream, whose waters, clear as air, revealed the rocky bottom at any depth, and cold almost as snow, presented us with drink sparkling as champagne and pure as heaven's own dew. Mixed with mountain dew, colored like a rose with the tonic juice of wild cherries, it constituted a draught which might have been likened to nectar flowing down from sonic illicit still run in the private interest of the gods up there on the blue wooded Olympus above. It was a singularly wild and beautiful spot, aven for a mountain glen, and any element of romance into minds, whose somewhat picturesque garb was and the approach of darkness admonished us to return to the outer world while as yet the devious path might be setting of the sun behind the mountain's creat and the approach of darkness admonished us to return to the outer world while as yet the devious path might be safely traced.

The outlaw's sale was a long one, and was not completed in the first, interview, it will not be possible to ropeat it in the limits of one letter. It was taken down almost verbatim, in short-hand, in note book on my knee as I sat by hisside, and will be given as nearly as possible in his own words, Leaning his gun against a trea that he looked sulky, and that there was something group. At last he better was something group. At last he tree was something group. At last he trees was something group. At last he there wa

My companion, Mr. Fields and myself were scone exhausted with the unaccustomed labor of cliubing, and paused to rest while our inblown guide pushed on at yearly two hours behind the appoin editing, and it was fagred he might weary of waiting for us and leave the mountains.

FOUND AT LAST.

After a shore rest we, who were behind, followed, as best we might in the direction our guide had gone, and had become nearly broken down again as we triled upward, when my fainting spirits were studently startled into quickened life, and my rapidly-heating heart sent that on the suided myser, which is audeen exclamation of my comrate in audence, who whappened heak to me, without torping his head, "Conder he is." "He always keeps his word." It was not more of the mineral points of the mineral poi

Going for his pistols.

I knew what he was going for as soon at he started. His horse was several steps from him, and I could have killed him before he got hold of them. I did not want to kill him, however, (this was said carnestly and feelingly,) although I knew that he had threatened repeatedly to kill me or take me. I said to him that I had not come prepared to fight him, but he only replied, "That didn't make any difference!" So he went up to the side of his horse and took two pistols from the holsters, and pointed one of them in my face. I saw the five bells in the chambers. Several men were sitting around, and Jim Paxton now came up; he had been with them and had heard what they were going to do. He spoke to me and drove on. He, too, knew they had no warrant for me, and thought I wouldn't be taken without one. So he romined to come and or come and drove a several at 1 o'clock that night, and after dark I drew off what he wanted (I had to make the fattest out of a sweet potato!) and carried it to an outhouse, where I waited for him. Amos Ladd, my wagon driver, was with me, and we kindled a big fire on the hearth and laid down to sleep. About half-past 12 Hendricks and Janaissa came in, and I drew a pint bottle full and 'treated them both. I then laid down again with my coat and boots off and we commenced talking. I had my pistols by me, one in sight and one under my pillow, and Hendricks asked me to let him see what kind I used. He picked up one and examined it, and then asked me to let him see the other. This inade me suspicious, and I replied that I never allowed any man to handle all my wapons at one time. to kill me or take me. I said to him that I had not come prepared to fight him, but he only replied, "That didn't make any difference!" So he went up to the side of his horse and took two pistols from the holsters, and pointed one of them in my face. I saw the five balls in the chambers. Several men were sitting around, and Jim Paxton now came up; he had been with them and had heard what they were going to do. He spoke to me and drove on. He, too, knew they had no warrant for me, and thought I wouldn't be taken without one. Bo he rode on, as he didn't want to see any fuss. Duckworth's pistol was aimed at me, and I said: 'Look here, Alfred, I don't want any man to draw a ristol on me.' He

I said: 'Look here, Alfred, I don't want any man to draw a pistol on me.' He said, 'Get out of that wagon.' I told him again to put up his pistol, and said: 'I have given you no occasion to draw weapons on me, and I want no fuss.' He then dropped his pistol from 'my face to my breast. I was aitting in the weeon whittling a stick.' I had no weapon, but my driver had a pistol, a Derringer, belonging to me, and which I had given him to carry. I had killed a rabbit with it as we came on. When I bade Duckworth a second time to put up his weapon, I said, 'Alfred, I want you to understand that I want no trouble with you.'

I then dropped my hand into the wagone. pocket and took the pistol and
cock lit, and said again, the third time,
'Alfred, I want no fuss with you—I want
only a gentleman's chance.' He replied,
'Get out of that wagon!' His pistol was
cocked and aimed ct me. I draw mine
and fired on him. As I did so, and when
the ball struck him, his pistol went off
and the ball struck under the wagonwheel. I suppose his fluger contracted
when he was hit, and fired of his weapon.
He fell against the fence. Laudford was
behind the wagon and had two pistols in
his hands. A man can think pretty fast THE FATAL SHOT. behind the wagon and had two pistols in his hands. A man can think pretty fast in such a moment, and I thought the best thing I can do is to run around and take Landford's pistols from him. Then I thought that would be a risk, as he might kill me. I started up the road and had gone about thirty yards, when Landford shot at me and kept shooting until he had shot four times. He missed me every time, and I thought if that is the best you can do I will go back and the best you can do I will go back and kill you with a rock! Then I thought, as he had two pistols, he might kill me, so I crossed the fence and went on up the hill. I waited for my wagen to come on but a map met it and turned it back.

A VISIT TO SOUTH CAROLINE.

I came over into South Carolina, I came over into South Carolina, and the next day the news came to me that they thought is was all right with Duckworth—the doctor had attended him and dressed his wound, (it was in the inroat,) and said he would get well if they didn't move him. They moved him, the wound bled aftesh, and he died that night.—They examined him and found that he had no warrant for me. Three men, however, jumped on their horses and went to Frank Case et get the warrant, and he wouldn't give it up. Case soon after sent me word that if I would come and give him two dollars and a half and give him two dollars and a half (costs) he would give me the warrant. I thought it would do me no good, and so I didn't go for it. He has it yet. The names of those who were present and names of those who were present and saw the killing were Peter Lince, his son, William Lince, and Joe and Bass Glassby. They could prove all I have said. * Duckworth's father told Jim Cautrell, the other day, that his son was nigh-sirung and had done wrong. That when he was first killed he wanted them to get me, but since I had been so persecuted he would do anything he could to help me. He hoped, he said, that I would get out of the way. He said, at the same time, that he supposed Redmond would kill him, too, now, if he got a chance; but I would not hurt him or any other man, unless they force me to do so. Cantrell told him as much, and that I would come laughing, and if I had anything to drink he would get it. 'He would he just as good to you as he would to me.'

WILLING TO SURRENDER. WILLING TO SURRENDER.

"The feeling against me on account of Duckworth's killing has died out in North Carolina," said Redmond, in concluding this portion of his story, "and I would be perfectly willing to go there and surrender myself any day for trial if my case could be tried in the State Courts. I am not willing to stand a trial in a United States Court, where the revenue officers would have it all, their own way, and could swear what they pleased against me, or pay some one else to do it."

The remainder of this story will be given to morrow.

Another Charles of the Story of the West.

Another Chapter of the Story of the Mod erh Robin Hood. "The next trouble I got into," continued Redmond, "took place some time after that one in which Duckworth was killed, and it resulted in my captur. I escaped, however," he added with a lauch of marriment has the resulted in Omitting many interesting particulars which might be considered irrelevant, and would extend this letter to a greater length than permissible, I commence in the middle of his story.

THE WHISKEY DUSINESS.

THE WHISKEY DUSINESS, ... A large reward had been offered in North Carolina for his apprehension, and baving his sisters to support and know-ing, moreover, that arrost at that time meant trial in a United States Court and ing, moreover, that arreit at that time meant trial in a United States Court and very speedy conviction, Redmond transferred the scene of his operations into South Carolina, where he drove a thriving trade almost in the midst of the "Revenues," who tried in vain to eath him. "I bought and sold only the best whiskey," he said, "and could always get \$1.50 per gallon for my stock where other traders could only command \$1. 'Redmond Whiskey' soon became well known and was sought after by everyliddy, even the Revenues. I was always very liberal with my customers and have frequently fast out a tan-gallon key for a treat," and seen them drink every drop in a few hours. I have no doubt that I have treated away fally 1,500 gallons in this way since a begun. I did not mind treating my friends, but I did have to treat a ra cal, as I have often done, though I never said a word. The fact is," he added, "there is very little profit in the business, and what with losses and captures, and the sisk of arrest and imprisonment a men necessarily runs, it does not pay to follow it. I have not distilled a drop for three years, and have not sold any for over six months.

Among others with whom I ased to trade was a man arread Van H.

Among others with whom I mad to trade was a man named Van Hendricke. I met him ore day and he told me that he wanted to buy a quantity. We fimily agreed to meet up a corrain house that

veapons at one time.

THE CAPTURE.

Just then a crowd of men, who had been waiting outside, burst open the door and rushed in on me and surrounded me. There was a big light in the fireplace, and I saw s dozen guns were cocked and pointed right at me. They were hollering, "Surrender! Surrender!" as fast as they could, and Amos Ladd said, "I surrender." I said nothing, and turned over to get my pistol from under my pillow, and ast that Hendricks had run around behind me and had my own pistol within a few inches of my head. Several of them jumped upon me at once, and held me down and pinioned my arms, and then they turned me over on my back and Barton and Gary tied my wrists close together. It was all done in a moment, but when they jumped on me, I thought to myself, if there were only two of you, now quick I could turn you under. If shad done so, however, they would have riddled me with buckshot and balls, so I thought I would wait. THE CAPTURE.

When they were tying me they used a small strong rope, and they pulled mighty hard on it. I had a 'rising' on one wrist and they huit me pretty badly; they broke the rising and cured it. Here is the scar new, he said, laughing, but if they had torn my arm off I wouldn't have said a word. When I was tied, Barton asked me if I was Maj. Redmond't said, yes! He said, 'Yes, G—d d—n you, you are the man who wanted to kill me.' I replied, 'I have not wanted to kill you; I could easily have done so if I had wanted.' He ordered me to get up, but pulled so hard on the end of the rope he had me tied with that I couldn't get up. It is no easy thing to rise when you are on your back with your hands tied. I tried to do so, but couldn't get up quick enough to please him, and then," said the outlaw, his eyes flashing at the recollection of the tudignity, "then he kicked at me, his boot grazing my side! If he had kicked me equarely he would have hurt me, though I don't think he could have hurt me side i If he had kicked me equarely he would have hurt me, though I don't think he could have hurt me much, that night, whatever he did, but that was enough. I felt like I was as strong as three men, and sprang up I don't know how. I kept quiet, he wever, and they held me, and Barten ran his hand into my pocket and took out my pocketbook. I had one hundred and eighty-six dollars. He asked me if it was mine? I said 'yes, put it back in my pocket, you have no right to take my money. He said 'you have no right to take my money. He is I then said, 'Look here, I want my boot'.'

boct .. A DASH FOR FREEDOM. Barton dropped the and of the rope he had been holding and started past me to get the boots which were lying by my pallet. I was mad because he had kicked me, and felt as tall as if I were three fer above the floor. I transd my hands in the rope and 'whopped' my arms into Gary'. breast and knocked him down. I knocked Moore down in the same way on the other side; the others were all standing two-deep between me and the door. I kicked at Charley White, who gave way; the rest scattered, and I jumped out of the door like I had been greased. My wagon was in front of the door, fortunately; so I ran around it, gathering up as I ran the rope with which I was tied to keep it from tripping me, (I knew they would catch me if I fell.) They dashed out after me. Bang! bang went their guns. The balls atruck all around me and knocked up the snow. I heard one of them say, By G-d, I know we have killed him; but I knew they hadn't, and kept on. I was still tied so tight I couldn't get loose, though I kept tugging at the rope as I ran. I had one pistol in my pocket, and twisted my I ands round and got it out, but dropped it in jumping a big chestnut log.

FIRST CATCH YOUR HARE.

There was a fence in the way, but I went over it without any trouble. Barton dropped the and of the

There was a fence in the way, but? went over it without any trouble. I think! I flew over, I got over so easily. The officers turned back; they were afraid to follow me very far, and then I stopped and untied the rope with my teeth, and I knew I was safe. The snow was thick on the ground, and I was without hat or coat and in my stocking feet. I knew they had my pistols, but as they had Amos, too, I determined to rescue him or die. I thought they wouldn't stay long about there after I was loose, so I ran across the fields in my stocking reet to a neignbor's house. I won't ten his name; but when I got there the soles of my stockings were cut to pieces by the ice, and the legs were clinging around my ankles. I knocked and he let me in, and I told him those 'hell-fired devils' had captured me and my driver, and I intended to take him away from them. He gave me a hat and coat and shoes, and a gan and sammunition. I then went back to the road which I knew they would have to travel, and waited for them. went back to the road which I knew they would have to travel, and waited for them. I heard them getting ready to start with Amos, and all were taking and shouting together. They had captured a high-strung black mare of mine, and when they hitched her to the wagon to start onsof them whipped her, and she began to kick things to pieces generally. Barlon was anxious to get swy, so Amos to d me afterwards, and stood by with his gun siming at every noise he heard in the bushes. They got started finally; the bay mare did all the pulling, as the black was mad; and I heard them coming up the road. Amos was crying; he was nothing but a boy, then, and I can't tell you how? I felt.

ATTEMPTED RESCUE OF LADD.

I just seemed to swell, I felt so big; but I couldn't help from crying myself. I knew my own wagon by the black mare, which I could see against the mow bank. Their's was a one-horse concern and was in front, and just as soon as 't came within reach I levelled my gun and free! I beard some one holler, 'Run' run!' and heard Barton say-what's the matter?' I thought to my calf, you wait a minute and I will show you what's the matter?' I thought to my self, you wait a minute and I will show you what's the matter. Then some one in the foremost wagon fired at me two or shree times and they all feil out of the wagon, and as they ran up the mow bank into the bushes I fired again. My gus was loaded with buckshot, and when I have loaded with buckshot and the first own in and as we closed it. I have loaded with buckshot was an egro run in, and as we closed it, that he was we grater to the house I saw Barton as we closed an under the house I saw Barton as we closed it. It has he was under the house I saw Barton as we closed an u ATTEMPTED BESCUE OF LADD.

that I overshot them and didn't get any

One of 'them, Charley White, had caught a shot in his thigh, and an Ameas who was then dodging behind the barrels told me afterwards, tried his best to get under or into Amos for protection. Amos told him 'to get out and take his share,' and he replied, 'I have got my share already.'

and he replies, I have got my share already."

To do him justice, I may say here that the "Major" did not seem to think that, under all the circumstances, there was anything particularly wrong in his single-handed attack upon the dozen Revenues. He certainly enjoyed telling how hard poor Charley White had tried to crawi i... Amos, and how his faithfui black mare had "fanuel timber" with her indignant heels. The officers took Amos into their midst and drove off rapidly, and Redmond ceased firing for fear of killing his friend.

"I hadn't got Amos out yet," he continued, "so as they drove on I ran on down the fence by their side until they got to the next house, (Mr. Pepper's,) which was not far off, and then I heard them holler whoa!" and call for old man Pepper. Mr. Pepper started to bring out a light, but Barton ordered him not to bring it there. I was standing a few feet from him in it deathers are started to bring it there.

a light, that Barton ordered him not to bring it there. I was standing a few feet from him in the darkness watching for a chance to rescue Amos, but could not tell him from the others. He had untied himself in the wagon, however, while we were fighting, and suddenly I heard some one holler, 'He's gone I he's gone!' and then several shots were fired; but I knew that he had got off safely. I then thought I would rush in and cut the traces and recapture my horses, but thought they might hit me, so I stood still. They all went into the house, and I went off and whistled for Amos, who cami-to me and told me I had wounded Barton and Hendricks. We went back together to watch the house, and I looked through the window and saw them all sitting bafore the fire. I could have killed Barton or any of them, they were not ten feet from me; but I wouldn't shoot any one down in another man's house. oring it there. I was standing a few feet

shouse.

The WAY THE REVENUES RUN.

The next murning I saw them again in the road in the one horse wagon and wanted to shoot Jannison, but Amos begged me not to do it, and I wouldn't. Presently the others came along and Gary was riding on my horse by the side of Dr. Earle who had been attending the wounded. It made me med to see him on my own horse, after all that had happened, but I wouldn't shoot at him for fear of wounding Earle, who was between us. Gary had gotten him to ride by him. At last I saw Earle go a little ahead, and I saw my chauce and fired at Gary and hit him. Earle helped him back on my horse, and then I never saw men run so in my life. I tlaught I would stop them so I shot my own horse, he commenced staggering, but he was game and kept going, and I followed on after them as fast as they and I could run. They crossed a creek and all stopped and Gary hellered back to me: 'Come over here and I will kill you.' I had only my pistol, but I started towards him. I had to cross the creek on a small log, and loaded as I went. Before I could get across they commenced running again, and I called out to them to wait and I would kill every one of them. That is the way you do,' I said, you steal all a man has, and then run!' I then turned and went back. Gary had dropped his hat in the road, and I found it and tore it all to pieces. He had my overcoat, a shawl I had paid twenty-eight dollars for, and also my hat and boots and a fine dress coat. They gave the hat, and boots and coat to negroes living on the roadside. I heard of it and gave out word that I would kill them half ing on the wagon next morning. The revenue officers carried off my shawl and overcoat and kept them for their own use." (It was for attempting to recover this atolen property that Judge Mackey issued a bent property that for their own use." (It was for attempting to recover this stolen property that Judge Mackey issued a behch warrant for him for committing highway robbery.)

A MOONSHINER'S RAID.

for him for committing highway robbery.)

A MOONSHINER'S RAID.

"The next day," continued Redmond,
"I sent word to Barton that if he would
return my horses and money and have
my wagon mended, I would call all
square between us and be done with it.
He refused to do it, so a few days later I
raised a company of about twelve men
from — Creek, and went to call on
him. We rede all that night. It was
very dark and we missed the way, and I
roue into a cut in the railroad. It was
very deep, and I had a hard fall. My
horse fell on me and knocked my leg out
of joint. I thought it was broken it
hurt so, but I called to the boys to halt
or they would ride in too. One of them
was so close that as he wheeled his horse's
hind lega slipped over the edge and
threw dirt down on me. I heard o of
them say, 'He is killed, let's go back
home.' I found my horse was not hurt
much, so I got on him and rode down
the track until I could get out, and went
back to them. My leg was hurting very
badly, so I called one of the boys to mb
and told him to catch hold and pull ms
hard as he could. He did so, and my
leg slipped back with a pop which I
had as he could. He did so, and my
leg slipped back with a pop which I
had as he could. He did so, and my
leg slipped back with a pop which I
had as he could. He did so, and my
leg slipped back with a pop which I
had a pull ms
hard as he could. He did so, and my
leg slipped back with a pop which I
had a pop which I
had

I said not let us wait until day and go like men; I am no robber or herse thief, and what I do I propose to do by day light. They no in like home don't let us do like them! We stayed at the station until daylight, and a man asked me where I was going. I replied, 'bird hunting!' That was what the officers had said when they started after me. I got some ammunition at Easier's, and we started down the road. One of the boys tried to prime his old fiint and steel rife as he galloped along, and he laft a black trail of powder for half a mile! (The reader will doubtless have remarked that our autobiographer has a grim sense of humor, and nothing ridiculous elecapes him under even the mest serious circumstances.) NO ROBBER OR HORSE THIEF. THE RAID ON BARTON'S.

die right here at home with my wife.' I told him that I only came for my property—my horses and wag n—and he replied that they were in Greenville, but that he would no there and get them, or I could send one of the boys for them. I told him I hadn't come for any foolishness, and would have them or his hide!

inhuess, and would have them or his hide!

REDMOND DEMANDS HIS OWN.

He asked for a chair and started off to get one, but I ordered him to stand where he was. He then asked for a dry pair of socks, and I let him send and get them. I then told him I wanted my money. He asked me how much you stole from me—go and get it. (It was \$156.) He said you kup; how much you stole from me—go and get it. (It was \$156.) He said I nave a check on the bank for \$100. You can have that; it is all the money I have, and you can take my horses. I said I don't want your horses. I want my own, and I won't have your check. You took money from me; pay it be ck and I will go. He offered to send Mrs. Barton to Easely to get the money, and I said all right. He then said I could go to his stable and take his horses. I replied that I was no horse thief, and did not propose to go near his stable; he could go and bring them to me in the presence of those witnesses if he desired to pay me for what he had taken from me wrongfully. He took two negrees with him, and I told them not to touch the horses. He brought them out, and all who saw them said that neither of them was as good as mine, but it was the last chance, so I took them. He called a man who lived near him to witness that he gave up the horses freely, as I had told him that I wouldn't take them on any other terms. I told him he had to pay Amoa also six dollars he had take the unfrom him the night of our capture, and he said he had no money to pay him with. Mrs. Barton and there was some k loose silver in the house, and she went to get it, and counted out five dollars and gave it to Amos. He had loat his wages in my service, so I paid him the remaining dollar afterwards out of my cwn pocket. Barton then brought out a jug of whiskey and offe ed to treat the crowd. Both Mr. and Mrs. Barton drank a little to show that it was all right, and one or two of the boys drank with them. I could not drink his whakey after all that had passed between as, but I had some of my own, and the rest of the

station with us, and she and I talked to gether all the way. She is a good wo man, and I was never so sorry for any one in my life as I was for her. She said they were broken up completely, and had nothing to live en or to work with. When we got to Easley she had the check cashed and gave me one hundred dollars. I had been thinking of what she told me on the road, so I told her never mind about the eighty six dollars; she might have that, It was not ine money that I had cared for, I only didn't want to be robbed and shused. A crowd had collected at the station by this time, and she was afraid to go home by herself. I sent one of my friends to keep her company, and told her to keep the horses to help make bread for, her and her children.

Redmond's second and last raid was made against his own wishes, was con-trary to his judgment, and, as he declares, is the only thing he has done for which he condemns himself. The cir-cumstances under which he told his brief toned for many reasons which will presently appear.

AN UNEXPECTED BENSATION.

AN UNEXPECTED SENSATION.

At the close of our first interview, on Tuesday afternoon, he accompanied my companion and myself to the foot of the mountain. Before we had reached that point, however, and while we were samtering quietly along the "trail" we were sudenly saluted with the summons "Halt and surrender! I am a revente officer," which proceeded from the bushes on our right. At the same moment the sound of horses feet was heard in the road in our front, and for a moment I thought I was about to have an experience I had not bargained fon Thought I was about to have an experience I had not bargained fon Thought I was especially came into sight was bestrote by another, wherefore I was spared any further sensation than the numerous unpleasant ones I had just felt in my mind in view of an anticipated skirmish. The newcomers brought the information that a squad of thirteen "Revenues" had just passed down the road, a mile or two distant, with a prisoner, a friend of Redmond's, in charge; that they were in search of Redmond himself, and that they had divided for the purpose of "beating up" the neighborhood. Some of them might be expected any moment at the house nearest to us, (where I had left my buggy.) they said, and it was advisable for he to keep a sharp lookout. A sharp lookout was accordingly kept, but Redmond accompanied us to the house and remained with us, and returned, by another route than that by which we had come, to the with us, and night had set in before he left us, and returned, by another route than that by which we had come, to the recomment. I was quite in consequence of expessure to the helican, and of the unworted and executive exercise. I had undergone in climbing but after supper I started again to first him.

but, after, supper I started again to find him.

WHO CAN STAND THIS SORT OF LIEF?

It was no dark under the trens and in the hollow of the hills that I could not see my hand held within an inch of my face. My guides seemed to know the way by instinct, however, and one of them taking my arm than led such by devious path which segmed endless, and only to lead into deeper and deeper dark, only to lead into deeper and deeper dark on the first time that Reduced had the thickest!

I understand that at the same time the aforesaid bench warrant was issued for correlation revenue offices whe were also charged with sundry crimes and unidear meaners. That one against Reduced as we have same as we have same and the same of the sam WHO CAN STAND THIS SORT OF LIFE!

It was so dark under the trees and in the hollow of the hills that I could not see my hand betd within an inch of my face. My guides seemed to know the way by instinct, however, and one of them taking ray arm that had been a devious path which seemed endless, and only to lead into deeper and deeper darkness until we came to the appointed renderous. Here one struck a match and lighted a small hand lamp, and I learned for the first time that Redmond had joined us somewhere on the way. We found used on the ground or on rocks and seets of times as best we might, and sat in shance around the flickering light while Redmond hastily als the supper we had provided for him. I had brought a kettle of collec at the risk of my nock, but he "never drank cosine," he midd Meat there was in abundance, but he barely tasted it. "It was very seldom that he ever touched it." He appeared very thoughtful, and spoke that once or twice during the repast. Once he said to me, "Who can stand this sort of life? It is anough to distribute the said them," Who can stand this sort of life? The SCENE WAS IMPRESSIVE and gloomy sincle of dim light had said in he narrow circle of dim light had said in he narrow circle of dim light had said in he

and gloomy enough. We sat within a narrow circle of dim light, hedged in by a thick darkness that might have concealed an hundred enemies within as many feet from the lamp. The trees spemed to be what tring secrets to each other or warrantee.

had all instead of one only been under ban and expecting betrayel and a death-dealing volley out of the night at any moment! It could not have been worse had we been on the frontier and survounced by hostile Indians. Nor were these feelings confined to that little group out there in the forest. It was shared in kind by every bousehold for miles arowed us. One of our party said: "There is not one man in ten in this neighborhood, be he guilty or insocent, who will sleep in his house to-night!" "And you say true," echoed every voice but mine, within his hearing. I, too, learned its truth in part before many hours had passed.

THE RAID AFTER GARY. THE RAID AFTER GARY.

I reminded Ecdmond of my errand, and his promise to tell me of his "raid" after Gary. "It was not my doing," he said. "I did not lead the party, and at first refused to go with them. They said they had gone with me when I needed them, and now I refused to help them when they needed me. So I went. Gary had broken up a still and behaved badly, and the man the still belonged to collected the crowd and went to threat him. had broken up a still and behaved badly, and the man the still belonged to collected the crowd and went to thrash him. I had to them, 'He has done nothing to be killed for—this thing of killing a man won't do; but I will go with you, if you wish me, to get satisfaction for cutting up the still.' They said they did not intend to kill him, but only to out the withe on him,' (i. e., whip him.) This was distinctly understood before we started. We did not chass any revenue officers, but went directly to Gary's house at Liberty. We started one Monday afterneon about 1 o'clock and came back through Pickens Court House by 10 o'clock next morning. There would not have been anything said about this raid but for what was done at Hendricks' house. He was a brother of 'Van,' and the boys hearing that the overcoat and shawl which they had stolen from me were in the house, determined to take them away.

They found an overcoat, which several said was mine, but I did not think so, and would not take it. They tried to persuade me to do so, but I told them I would not wear snother man's coat as long as I could buy one for myself. The shawl was not there, and one of the party was about to seize a saddle blanket in place of it, but I stopped him, and made him leave it where he found it. I told them that the officers had not stolen anything of the kind from me, and I would have nothing but what I knew was mine. I kept them from taking away several other things, and took nothing at all myself. The court met a few days after this, and a bench warrant was issued for me for stealing the two overcoats!" for stealing the two overcents !" JUDGE MACKEY'S PART.

naving taken the overcoats, the gran jury examined the witnesses and, finding was determined to may It, they return at last with an indictment. The ecodings in a grand jury room an course, secret, (?) but it is said in Pic Gounty that the evidence upon withis one based its final verdict was fold, to wit: First, that two overcosts were taken by a party of men from Hendrick's house; second, that Redmond was seen at Pickens Court House next day with the same party! On this alleged evaluates "the Court" issued its bench warrant, ordering Redmond to be brought into its precincts dead or alive. A case was accordingly sent after him, they found him at work in his field, and ordered, him to halt and surrander. New knowing who they were or what they wanted, Redmond refused to obey, and they fired upon him and continued firing until he obtained shelter in the woods. Possibly being just men they did not try to hit him—we may hope not, and rate.

rate.

THE FICHENS JAIL DELIVERY
had taken place on the Saturday, the 9th,
preceding he ineffectual raid after Gary,
which took place Monday, the 11th, and
of course Redmond, who did not lead the
Gary raid, led the jail-breakers also.
Of course he did no such thing. In
Joint of fact, he was assess the line in
North Carolina when fire jail was broken,
and knew nothing of it muit he was informed of the occurrence. There are
planty of witnesses to prove that he was
in North Carolina at the time, and if
this is not enough, Sheriff Mauldin is
ready to testify that he was not in the
party who rescued the prisoners from his
keeping. But the timerous revenue officom declared that "Redmond and his
gang of forty or fifty men" had chesen
then across the country for two days and
until they found safety within the walls
of Easley Emica; some one had eviden an across the invisible manctuary of
a private dwelling; Judge Mackey and
all the mighty revenue department were
excited for the fate of the country and
an axample muss ne made of somecody;
Who so cuitable for the sacrifice as Red-THE PICKERS JAIL DELIVERY an example must be made of somebody to the souther, and the souther who so suitable for the sacrifice as Rediment—the official revenue scapegoat—the raging ram presently to be catract in the thicket!

Another fit of history.

And while I am off my subject, let me inform the public of another hit of revenue history. I do not propose to defend those who broke into Fickens jall, but it may be as well to know, for the first time, whom it was they turned loss on that occasion. The resource prisoners were three in number; one a man named Reasely, who was caught in an illicit still house, the other two were a father was 60 years of age, and the son 16. Both were arrested at their homes, headenfied, carried to Pickens and there lodged in fall to wait trial. Their neighbors released tham, and they returned to their house, and resumed their delivered to their house. ANOTHER BIT OF HISTORY. and new recurred 9: the part resumed their daily labore the farm from which they had and marched off in diagrace. Real title later by the county of the coun